

THE STATE SENTINEL

Published every Thursday, Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

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Spain—Her Power and Decline.

By MACAULY.

Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, who wishes to know how great states shall be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, France, Corsica, Roussillon, the Milanese, Sicily, Sardinia, Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Benar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all the rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malacca and Comorand, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator to the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to four millions sterling—a sum eight times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent soldiers, and a fleet of one hundred and a single battle in constant pay. His extraordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched to the capital of France, his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was even greater than that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrow strait was to his power what it was believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every province from Moscow to the English deserts, his fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war, which endangered every throne on the continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries, which use had rendered necessary. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to make coffee out of sugar and sugar out of beet-root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The emperor of Germany was his kinsman.

France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes even a friend. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, the English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses, in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath therefore grown mightily by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. He keepeth a private army to protect the defence of the American Islands, and he keeps a fleet of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were unguarded. The police was utterly insufficient for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the day with perfect impunity. Braves and discarded serving men with swords at their sides, swarmed every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the peace and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The Government received little.

The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while body servants of the sovereigns remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents, and battled there with a crowd of beggars for a porridge of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered—and this frantic measure produced its never failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened despatches accumulated in the offices, while the ministers were consulting with bed-chamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heirs of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies—a country not so large as the province of Extremadura and Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean—had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.

SPANISH INQUISITION.—When Gen. Lasalle entered Toledo, he immediately visited the Palace of Inquisition. The great number of the instruments of torture, especially the instruments to stretch the limbs, the drop baths (already known) which causes a lingering death, excited horror, even in the minds of soldiers hardened in the battle field. Only one of these instruments, singular of its kind, for refined torture, and successful in its choice of its victim, seems to deserve a particular description. In a subterranean vault, adjoining the secret audience chamber stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue made by the hands of the Monks, representing—who would believe it? the Virgin Mary! A gilded glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. It immediately struck the spectator, notwithstanding the darkness which fell in ample folds from the shoulders on both sides, that she wore a breastplate. Upon a closer examination, it appeared that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails, and the small blades of knives with the points projecting outwards. One of the servants of the Inquisition was ordered to make the machine move, as he explained to the visitor.

As the statue extended its arms and gradually folded them back, as if she would affectionately press somebody to her heart, the well filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied for this time the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer, and when at the command of the General the director made it open its arms, and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging on the nails and knife blades. It is remarkable that the barbarians had the wickedness to call this instrument of torture, "Madre Dolorosa"—not the deeply affected, pain enduring—but by a play on words, the pain-giving—Mother of God!

In no modern literature has there been as great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier and politician. Boscán bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poems of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell early in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonso de Escila bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in the best heroic poem that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of Gil Blas, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron prosecutors, who were

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

employed by the house of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malignant, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be very wise and politic," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can throw their wits about, reforme and bridle they own members for a time, and apply they conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddle gladly of friendship; who whose mischievous manners a man shall never know until he come under the subjection; but then shall he perfectly perceive and tell them; which thing I pray God England never do; for in dissimulations until they have their purposes, and afterwards in oppression of tyrannie, when they can outbrave them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earth." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as Indian statesmen, of our times, would use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from Heaven, oh Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut d'wn to the ground, that didst weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marins and Cesar. Foreign conquest has begun to eat into every part of the gigantic monarchy on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche Comte. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch, far surpassed, in wealth and splendor, that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had secured and still held settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea. The Mexican territory was however of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth.

Empires that branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan. England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolute mistress of the sea, as after the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions, subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria, were far more extensive than those of Louis XIV. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still stretched out under the shadow of the south of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had expired. Even after the defeat of the Armada, the English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses, in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath therefore grown mightily by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. He keepeth a private army to protect the defence of the American Islands, and he keeps a fleet of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were unguarded. The police was utterly insufficient for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the day with perfect impunity. Braves and discarded serving men with swords at their sides, swarmed every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the peace and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The Government received little.

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Song of the Editor.

BY JOHN BROWN.

Sit still, sit still!
From matin hour till twilight gloom,
He's a "fixtore" there in his dusky room—
Away the moments fly,
And the world outside with jolly din,
Moves gaily on—but the world within
Is labor, and toil, and care!

No time he knows in the weary day
But the turn that shows the pivot's play,
As he turns his easy chair!
Think! Think! Think!
In the smith's bright forge the fire glows,
But the smith himself the bellows blows—
Unheard the hammer's clink!
Not so the fire that lights the brain
Of him who wears the galley chain,
Or makes the press-gang go!

He must flash with light, and glow with heat,
With quill in hand his brains must beat—
But never indulge a blow!
Write! Write! Write!
Thou' fancy soar on a tired wing,
She must still her tribute celestial bring,
Nor own a weary flight—
By Reason's powers, and Memory's store,
Must prove their strength, and bring the lore
Of Quill and pen, and pen and quill.

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INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 20, 1845.

Volume IV Number 39.

From the Georgia Journal, 24th inst.

Prices Current—"Long Time Ago."

We extract the following from the Treaty of Commerce made by General Ogden with the chief men of the Lower Creeks, on the 17th October, 1732. The document from which we extract, is not Treaty, but a copy from the original, taken by Benjamin Martin, and sworn to by John Macintosh and Thomas Bownenworth, on the 20th September, 1751. We presume that the prices current set forth in the extract are as ancient as Georgia history can show. From the list of articles enumerated in the Treaty, and their value in Buck and Do skins, we have selected on a few. The document is on file in the Capitol.

EXTRACT.
"Lastly, We promise with Straight Hearts, and Love to our Brethren the English to give no encouragement to any other White People but themselves to settle amongst us, and that we will not have any correspondence with the Spaniards or French, and to show that we both for the good of our Wives and children do firmly Promise to keep the Talk in our Hearts as long as the Sun shall shine or the Waters run in the Rivers, we have each of us set the Marks of our Families."

"Schedule of Prices of Goods agreed on as annexed."
One yard Plains, Buckskin, wt. one pound and three quarters, or Doskins, 2 lb.
One White Blanket, Five Buckskins or ten Doskins.
A Gun Lock, ten Buckskins, or twenty Doskins.
A Pistol, Five Buckskins, or twelve Doskins.
Two measures of Powder, one Buckskin or two Doskins.
Sixty, Bullets, one Buckskin, or two Doskins.
A white Shirt, two Buckskins, or four Doskins.
A knife, one Doskin.
Three yards of Gartering, one Doskin.
A Falling axe, two Buckskins, or four Doskins.
A Hat, two Buckskins, or four Doskins.
One dozen Buttons, one Doskin.

ANOTHER LEARNED BLACKSMITH.—The N. Orleans Protestant gives the following interesting account of the successful efforts of a slave to educate himself. We now learn from another source that Ellis is now studying Hebrew, and has made considerable progress. In the State of Alabama, (Greene county we think,) lives a colored man by the name of Ellis, who has a wife and several children. He is a blacksmith by trade, and has worked at this business for many years in the shop of his master. He is believed to be a man of sincere piety, and is a member of the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Fields Bradshaw. What is particularly noticeable in his case is the state of his education; and, for a man who has been all his life a slave and hard at work, and inflicting only ignorance, we consider it quite extraordinary. He is well acquainted with reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and some other branches embraced in a common English education; besides which he has made tolerable acquaintance with Latin and Greek. He has accomplished this mostly without the aid of teachers, and he learned his alphabet without even a book.

His plan was at first, to get his young masters on their return from school at evening, to make for him the different letters of the alphabet, and tell him their names. These he copied upon his shop board with coal, and continued the process until he had well learned the first elements of reading and writing. They then brought him the spelling book, and other elementary books, by means of which he began to wend his way up the hill of education. He was not content with the higher branches he had the aid of others, and that how he is pursuing his studies under a competent teacher. He still works at the anvil, as he has during his whole course, during the day, and studies at night. What first prompted him to make the effort to obtain an education, we do not know. All who know him testify that he is a man of uncommon native energy of mind, as his present attainments prove. His age is about thirty years.

About two years since, his case was represented to the synods of Alabama and Mississippi, and they jointly proposed to purchase him and his family and send him to the Western coast of Africa as a missionary. They have ascertained that his master will part with them for \$250. This sum is equally divided between the two synods, and they are now making the two hosts of a mission. Mr. Ellis is pursuing a course of theological study under his pastor. We understand he has read the standard theological works of Drs. Dwight, Dick, &c., and others pertaining to a ministerial course.

A PRODIGY.—THE SLAVE ARITHMETICIAN.—A few months since we published an account of a negro of an extraordinary faculty for numbers, belonging to Mr. P. McLemore, of Madison county, Ala. The editor of the Columbus (Tenn.) Observer, who has recently had an opportunity of witnessing the powers of calculation of this anomaly in mind, says:

He is an idiot as to every thing else, and for that reason, has never performed any labor, though of stout person, weighing nearly two hundred. To the question, "how many are 153 multiplied by 359," he answered, "fifty-six thousand, four hundred fifty seven," almost without hesitation. So also 976 by 5871 answered 5,681,221 by 3541 answered 19,877. He solved questions in division, with a facility that beggars all counting-room calculation; such as how many seventeens in 576? how many nineteens in 683? &c. To test his comprehension of numbers over a million, he was asked how many were 1362 multiplied by 1257? During the pause of three or four minutes, we were not able to detect any evidence of mental effort in his countenance, and doubted whether he was thinking at all. But to the astonishment of all, he answered seventeen hundred and twelve thousand, thirty-four.

The negro does not know a letter, or figure, or any other representation of numbers, or ideas. He speaks to no one, except when spoken to. His forehead is long and covered with an incense and above the eyebrows, but the volume, from temple to temple is deep beyond comparison. He is 19 years old, but the appearance of thirty. He has never been taught to understand (perhaps has never heard, as he has never been from home, where no one could teach him) the forms of mathematical questions or solution and division. Superior even to Sir Isaac Newton in this single faculty, he is destitute of every other that is necessary to render it available for any practical purpose.

He is unable to communicate his process to others. The basis of his reckoning must be decimal, or some other even number; for questions involving odd numbers he solves by the simple method of doubling. When placing his left finger in the corner of his left eye, and then drawing down across his mouth. Such is the "scientific nigger" from Alabama—a being of one idea.

"Digby, will you take some of this butter?"
"Thank you, marm, I belong to the Temperance Society, and can't take any thing strong," replied Digby.

A PATTERN MINISTER.—The Boston Post says that one of the most devoted clergymen in that city is the Rev. Sebastian Streeter. As an evidence of his sympathy with his society it is stated that for twenty-one years he has missed their stated weekly conference meeting but twice. Such are the pastors whose labors are invaluable. We never heard this truly excellent preacher berating alms, enlisting in an abolition crusade, lecturing his people on politics, or diving into fevers of the day. But when called to the chambers of the sick, the dying and the dead, he is there in the spirit of his master. He is a Universalist.

Time is money.—Dr. Franklin.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

and Measures.

A simple and Frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.

No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connection between the government and banks.

A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from a paper credit system.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connection between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

A MAN WHO HAS CAUSED SOME NOISE IN THE WORLD.

The New York Sun notices the death recently of Gideon Olmstead, in Connecticut, at the age of ninety-six. There are some remarkable events connected with this man's life which are interesting, and which probably will be remembered by many of our citizens.

"During the Revolutionary war, being a seafaring man, he captured a vessel which was re-captured from him by the Delaware, by a Pennsylvania vessel; the prize was sold and the proceeds placed in the Treasury of that State. Gideon Olmstead commenced a suit against the State, and after many years it was decided in his favor; and during the various trials, the great question of State rights came up, was argued at length, and with great ability, and settled in some respects many important questions, which had hitherto been left open. Execution was issued by the United States against the property of David Rittenhouse, the celebrated philosopher, who was Treasurer of State, and received the proceeds of the prize. The State of Pennsylvania in defence of what was considered a right of the State, determined to oppose the process of the United States, and accordingly the troops of the State were called out to defend the property of the heirs of Rittenhouse, situated at the corner of Seventh and Arch streets, and which from that affair was known subsequently as Fort Rittenhouse. It was throughout a great question of State rights, and events have proved since that time, that the State of Pennsylvania was in the right. The war was carried on for some time. Guns were stationed around the house, but by some compromise the Marshal effected his entrance into the mansion, and served his process. This was the second time that Pennsylvania had been arrayed in arms against the Government of the United States—the first was the celebrated Whiskey insurrection, in which the venerable and Hon. Albert Gallatin, now of New York, was conspicuous. The Federal Government at that period was making strong efforts towards centralization, or rather consolidation, and the election of Thomas Jefferson restored or rather settled the principle of State rights; and there is no principle so deeply interwoven with the permanency of the Union. As long as each State is permitted to enjoy its sovereignty and independence, and the General Government is considered the mere agent, the Union cannot be broken. Many supposed that Gideon Olmstead, who was the cause of that celebrated *emete* in Pennsylvania, had long since been gathered to his fathers; but it seems he has been permitted, like many others of the Revolutionary stock, to become quite a patriarch in years."

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—There is now living in Penobscot county, a man by the name of Abraham Kneeland, who served in the revolutionary war in the company of Capt. Hoading, a Frenchman. "He was enlisted by the town of Amesbury, Mass. for three years. His mother was so distressed at the thought of his going into the army, that his father left home in indignation, and actually wrote all of his father's letters to try to get him back—but he had made up his mind to take up arms, and never lay down while there was a foreign invader. His father could not persuade him to go back, but he gave him all the bounty money he got. He had the promise of rations when he got to Springfield but on his arrival there, he could get none, and bore his own expenses all the way to West Point, and was unable to read or write, and he per day while travelling there. He thinks he had been in the army over a year when peace was proclaimed. He then felt it his duty to go home, as his father was poor, had a large family to maintain in a newly settled part of the country, and he, the only son old enough to be any help to him.

He procured a substitute by giving up all his back wages, gun, equipment and clothing, that he had received from Government, and started for home with the same old clothes on that he left home with—without a cent of money to bear his expenses. Sometimes he got food for asking, but many times asked and was denied. At length, he reached his home after fourteen months' absence, penniless, and his constitution impaired by hardships. Owing to the circumstance that he could neither read nor write, he was neglected to procure a proper discharge. He merely had his own name erased, and that of his substitute inserted. After he was one and twenty, he felt the want of knowing how to read and write, severely; he was determined to learn, and applied himself evenings while working in the woods lumbering, with such perseverance that he soon read well and wrote a good hand; and actually wrote all of his father's letters and hymns on birch bark with ink made of the white maple bark bled. He has always been an industrious, hard working man, and maintained himself and wife until about his 80th year, when he was obliged to call upon the town for help, and is now receiving a mere pittance from the town of Lincoln to support him and his aged wife, rendered helpless by a fall some three years ago.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WATERS.—While the passengers crowded in great numbers on board the Brooklyn ferry boats on Thursday evening, were discomfited kicking their heels and ruefully gazing at the dismal prospect, as they now ground their way, and now floated helplessly among the masses of ice of all sides surrounding them, which from the Narrows up, presented one huge unbroken field, varied only by hammocks and elevations, they saw a large ship with all sails taken in, like the Flying Dutchman or some phantom dream, careering steadily onward in defiance of tide and ice, and all obstructions, as if

"Under the keel, one fathom deep,
The spirit said, and it was he
That made the ship to go."

On she came, lion-like, turning neither to the right nor to the left, crowding down or rushing over the huge masses before her bows, or spitting the fields into vast masses. She passed—and the grim dark side of a large frigate, with all her holiday gear taken in, and nothing but the lower masts and stern hamper, showed the Princeton with a dismantled wreck in tow, just as she had gallantly combated the furious tempest, in which she had been caught on the coast. No sound was heard from the disciplined deck, as she rushed by, save the bell striking the hour, and the quick, decisive voice of the officer, as he gave commands to those on the wreck she was towing by a long hauser astern.

In less than we have taken to tell it, she was far on her way to a new yard, and we saw no more of her save as she sailed in safety. "I like that," said a nervous, quiet man standing by—and so did we.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

OSTRIOUS.—I willingly concede to every man what I claim myself—the freest range of thought and expression; and a perfectly indifferent whether the sentiments of others on speculative subjects coincide with or differ from my own. Instead of wishing or expecting that uniformity of opinion should be established, I am convinced that it is neither practicable nor desirable; that varieties of thought are as numerous and as strongly marked, and as irreducible to one standard, as those of bodily form; and that together with one who thinks differently from ourselves, would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own.—Professor Lawrence.

ETYMOLOGY OF DEBILITY.—The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp was familiar with Latin authors, as we saw by the oratorical of Cicero. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus: "the ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord; that is by the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was decreed, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepit men."